GOTHAM GOSSIP.

General Sympathy Expressed for the Sa Physical Condition of General Grant.

Something About the Revised Old Testament and When It May be Expected.

How It Sappens That Beecher is Ready to Enlogize the Dead Brooklyn Bosses.

Ploneer Press New York Letter | The city is a good deal moved in its sympathies by the sad physical condition of General Grant. I used to call on the General occasionally at his residence, just of Central Park, and he lost vitatity so suddenly after his accident that I doubted if he would ever again get out on the street. This opinion, repeated to you, was widely commented on. It proved to be nearly correct, but not quite. I had not taken into the account the distinguished patient's endurance and power of will. Yesterday I called again. The Bridget who came to the door did not surprise me when she said she thought the General could | its job office, so that it was estimated to be not see anybody; but I went into the reception room and waited, as usual, for Harrison, the urbane mulatto, who for some years now has stood respectfully between the famlly and the public. The reception room and | the story and threatened to publish it. Kinthe long drawing rooms across the hall, Oriental make arranged in the form of a rosette, were missing from the wall, a great stand, and sundry unique draperies were gone from their place on the wall. I wonof Mr. Vanderbilt; but when Harrison came I forgot to ask him. He looked weary and worn, and said he felt "pretty much bunged up" from wetching and loss of sleep.

not say a word about it. If he would only complain as other folks do when they suffer, ald stand it better." The patient was a little more comfortable, he continued, under the action of cocaine applied to the cancer on the tongue, producing partial insensibility. I told Harrison he cost about \$2 000 an ounce in its pure state. He was filled with consternation at the news, and said they'd have to go slow. Har- always honesly executed. So it is that the rison is a discreet servitor, not given to much abble about his master's interests; but he entured to remark that if Congress "had only passed the retirement bill, it would have chirked up the General very much. can talk easier than he can write, and if he had accustomed himself to the use of a phonographer, he might dictate his whole work in a week. Shortly before this I asked him why he did not try s private secretary, and I told him how Thurlow Weed dictated, from

just makes me sick and sore all over.

myself. "Yes," said the General, "that's all very convenient; but I have not accustomed myself to thinking rapidly for the press, and a phonographer would be only a stumblinglock. Even a business letter I would always rather write than dictate. I tried a secretary once, but my tongue got tangled up as soon as I began to dictate to him."

his deathbed, chapters of his forthcoming

While I was talking to Harrison, Colonel Fred Grant came down on his way out; and he said his father was suffering far less than two or three days ego, but the physicians did not say he was better. A committee of two from a post of the Grand Army called, and carriages came along every few minutes with inquiries after the illustrious soldier, who occasionally hobbled to the window up stairs and looked out smilingly waved his band in response to salutations. Dr. Doug-down, but they were so disgusted that they ped and cleared four acres of biroh and lass says that the General has grown peceptically demanded their money back, and said they maple woodland, ploughed it, planted it with corp. harvested the crops, and then asked of teeth and loss of appetite make it difficult | Eden Musee and have fun! The fact is that | as his compensation, to be allowed to attend | for him to eat much, his body is drawing on | Bacchus, Gambrinus, Silenus, Ecos, and Jezits stores of fatty matter for nutriment. His vitality is diminishing all the while.

A NEW OLD TESTAMENT, On Monday a morning paper prematurely announced the arrival from England of copies of the revised Old Testament a companion to the revised New Testament circu lated a couple of years ago. I called yester-day on Dr. Phillip Schaff, chairman of the American committee for both branches of

the work, and asked him about it.

"No," he said, "the revised Old Testament is not yet here. It will come, as the other did, in the shape of the University edition (Cambridge, England), and will be due about May 11. All the work of revision has been concluded, and it is now in press."

To inquiries as to how it would differ in

graphs, like any other prose. The poetry of the Bible, that is The Song of Solomon, the Psalms, the Proverbs, the Book of Esther, etc., will be arranged in parallelisms-virtu-Concerning the substance of changes, Dr.

Schaff answered: "I am bound to secrecy as to changes actually made. But, of course, there are no books omitted, and no chapters.

"The Revised New Testament didn't seem to be relished?" I said.

"It is the deadest book in the market to-day," said Dr. Chambers. 'For the first two weeks there was excitement over it, and a million or two copies were sold—perhaps more, and then it fell flat. Thirty editions of it were printed in this country-enough

"Except Dickens," I suggested; "twice as many editions of Dickens have been printed and told. But several editions of the revised New Testament have been sold in cart loads

New Testament have been sold in cart loads to paper makers, and the \$5 University edition of Cambridge is offered in the Nassau street book stores for ten cents."

"Yes, I think likely," he said. "No denomination has formally adopted it; and it can not be called pepular with any but the Baptists. But it may go yet. The King James version was repudiated for fifty years—till after the execution of Charles—when presindice died out, and it was gradually seen prejudice died out, and it was gradually accepted. Almost all reforms move slowly. I may add that the American committee and

"ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE," A good many well folks have been made sick during the last week by the praises and posies that have been heaped on the dead Kingsley of Brooklyn. Ordinarily it is desirable to speak well of the dead; but if they be public men, and die as Boss Tweed and Jim Fisk and Kinsella and Kingsley died, is there not danger that the mockery of os-

was detected in stationery frauds, and was compelled to refund to the city, whose printing he was doing, the sum of \$5,000. As one of the bridge trustees, the investigations of the committee of fifty disclosed other frauds, and be was compelled to retund and did re-fund \$75,000 overdrawn. This is the distinguished citizen who died in the order of sanctity the other day, and at whose funeral Mr. Beecher delivered a volunteer oration, praising him as "an honest man, the noblest work of God!" Less than a year ago he praised Kinsella in about the same terms, though Kinsella had been involved in the same tremendous frauds, and had for years lived, publicly and openly, with the wife of his friend, Tom Fields, after having discarded his own wife and daughthers. I happen to know something of the relation of the Plymouth pastor to these gentlemen which has never been published, and which lets light in: In 1870 the Brooklyn Eagle (Demperst) was owned by Issac Van Anden. The Democratic ring of which Kingsley and Kinseils were at the head, and which was in control of the city government, wanted to

buy it in order to "protect the rear," as one of them put it. Van Anden retused to sell. They then bought of L. B. Chittenden the Brooklyn Union, made it a Democratic paper, and raked the Eagle fore and aft. They took away its city printing, and threatened to rain it and its proprietor. Under these measures they forced him to sell the Eagle, for which they paid \$350,000. Then they sold the Union to the Bowens, who put Theadore Tilton in charge of it. Inside of a year the ring doubled the city printing in the Eagle, and quadrupled worth \$1,000,000. The Bowens, with the Union, made terrific attacks on the "ring organ," and exposed its dishonest methods, About this time Kinsella's amours with Mrs. Fields culminated. The Bowens got hold of sells met one of the Bowens one morning in crossing the ferry, and shook in his face a have changed in their aspect somewhat written document and said: "Now go ahead; since I saw them last. Sundry swords of | you print a word about me, and I will print this. It is a damaging disclosure." They could not think what on earth it could be, and, to draw Kinsella's fire, they published dragon-haunted bronze vessel of grotesque the scandal about him. The next morning fashion, had vanished from a gold-lacquered appeared in the Eagle Kinsella's bomb—the amaging disclosure," It was nothing less than the "tripartite agreement"-the secret document which Bowen, Beecher and Tilton cered if General Grant's souvenirs had begun | had signed, and in which they confessed to travel to Washington under the guidance | having scandalized each other and promised to do so no more. This was the first publication of anything unpleasant between Tilton and his pastor. H. B. Ciaffin was the custodian of this curious paper, and in a oment of brotherly love he had let Sam Wilkeson copy it. Sam gave it to St. Clair he said, "to see the General suffer so and McKelway, who gave it to Kinselia to protect himself with. Kinselia's mistake was in not telling Bowen what the document was, for the interests at stake were so tremendous that Bowen, who really built Plymouth Church, would doubtless have let up on the ring to save his revered pastor. must be careful about that medicine, as it | Then the explosion came; then Mr. Bescher and the Eagle made a bi-partite agreement, the provisions of which both parties have

pique, blurted out his unfortunate secret to "What man," asked Beecher at the grave With his autobiography - which he calls of Kingsley, "can ree up and say that his something else for modesty's sake—the Genwith some pain and difficulty, even when gains? What matter that the tongues of men did wrong against him; he outlived it men did wrong agains; nim; be outlived it by doing his duty!"

great preacher has delivered eulogies at the

graves of the men who, in a moment of

The "automatic cempositor" is to be nut to practical use in six of the largest newspaper offices in the country, and machines are now being constructed for that purpose. book and articles for the newspapers on con-troverted political questions—sometimes to Mr. Frederick Seward, and sometimes to casting a soled line at a time, and delivering it rapidly ready to print from. The machine costs \$500; is very simple; can be operated by an intelligent woman at \$3 a day, and will do the work of six compositors at 84 a day each. I have seen it work, and it looks to me like a solution of the problem of cheap printing. It is not well adapted to anything

but straight work, though.

The French ball of Monday night at the Academy must have delighted the white | vising a new implement. soul of Anthony Comstock. There was very little low dressing or high kicking, and one might almost have taken his mother there with propriety. There was so little dancing that one felt inclined to ask every minute, "When will the ball begin?' and the popping of champagne corks was so feeble and infrequent as to induce melancholy rather than hilarity. Some Yale students came wanted to so and see the wax works at the | corn, harvested the crops, and then asked ebel were thoroughly tired out by the Arion | ther granted his wish.

saturnalia, and are still resting. There is much excitement here just now over the discovery that a young polo swell mand a more extensions and a society lady, who are supposed to be single, and have paid and received attentions the boy assisted him. accordingly, have, in fact, been married to each other for a couple of years. She was | and the trade, that he determined, with the the heroine, eight years ago, of a tremendous | aid of the younger brother, to erect a two steamship disaster, and saved herself by swimming, and he is well known in coaching circles; and, since the partial retirement of Colonel De Lancey Kane, has been a famous leader of the German. They have concealed their match because neither has a penny of his or her ("thou's") own, and the | see what a fad of seventeen had done. When They have beliew, bellud. It is the old lect and secure, the veterans cheered the The most of it will be arranged, not in frequently inseparable pair. But, there! I he was in demand as a master carpenter. verses, like our Bible, but in longer para musn't say a word about it, for it is yet a That boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder of densagecret to the mothers of both the happy wretches, and if I mention names the New York papers will some of them find out

> about it. Public attention is on the qui vive about the author of "The Money Makers." The novel is a remarkable piece of work, quite superior to "The Bread Winners," it seems to me, and I know of few Americans who could have written such a vigorous and yet flamboyant story. Perhaps Frank Hurd could have written it: I know too little of him to judge. Probably Theodore Tilton or William Henry Hurlbert might have written it. It was evidently written by somebody who didn't know anything about daily

> journalism in New York. Mrs. Frank Leslie has returned from fortnight's trip to New Orleans. She is quite enthusisstic over the exhibition as much ther than she expected, and she predicts a great success before it closes. She says she enjoyed being away from her desk, and gained five pounds in a week.

W. A. CROFFUT. Considerable Deliberation,

[Chicago Herald.] A drummer struck up an acquaintance

with a Boston girl on a train that was snow-bound during the recent blockade. The car was cold and the young lady sat with her hands in her muff. With a gentle and persistent delicacy in such matters for which the English did not always agree, and that the corrections which the former wanted to make, but failed to have approved, are contained in an appendix at the end."

sistent deficacy in such matters for the male sex and drummers in particular noted, he managed to get one hands into the must along with hers.

"Sir," she said, stiffly, "what do you the male sex and drummers in particular. are noted, he managed to get one of his

"Sir," she said, stiffly, "what do you mean by such conduct? I am inexpressibly shocked, sir. I am from Bosting, and I would have you know that such familiarity is resented. I would be justified in screaming for assistance, but I hate scenes, and I'll give you just twenty minutes to take your and out of there.'

Rev. Dr. W. C. Roberts, Secretary of the Rev. Dr. W. C. Roberts, Secretary of the rentations enlogy may teach young men a rather sorry leason? The three Brooklyn K's, who have died within a year—Kinsella, Keeney and Kingaley—were the organizers of one of the wickedest rings that ever cursed a community. All indications go to show that they stole, for themselves and friends, some millions of dollars of the bridge funds, covering them up deftly by a double set of books. As manager of the Eagle, Kingaley Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, says:
Our mission field is enlarging very rapidly. The demands were never more urgent, nor have the prospects ever been brighter than now. We need at least 350 men this spring to meet all the demand for workers, and at least \$750,000. We must receive the \$650,000

THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has established his hearth and the sum of his possession and fortunes. whence he will not depart if nothing calls him away: whence if he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he ceases to wander.

-Condition from Civil Law. "Then stay at home, my heart, and rest, The bird is safest in the nest; O'er all that Butter their the say."

A hawk is hovering in the say."

-Longfellow.

OUR YOUNG POLES.

derry.

Buy a paper, plaze! She is frozen a'most. Here's the Commercial, and Son and Mail, And ivery one has a terrible tale-A shipwrick-a murtner-a fire alarm-Whichiver you lotte - have a paper, marm? Thin buy it, place, av this bit av a girrul, She's new in the business, and all of a whire

We must lind her a hand," said little Jerry: There's a plenty av thrade at the futton | sided into well-behaved scholors.

toust -The price av a paper-plaze, sir, buy a Post? Thrue as me name it is Jeremiah, There's a foine report av a dridful fire. and a child that's lost, and a smash av a train;

Indade, sir, the paper's just groanin' wid Spake up, little girrui, an' don't be afraid l'm schraichin' for two till I start yer is thrade.

Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry. Twas New Year's night, and the wind was followed by a temperate one. high. And a hurrying crowd went snivering by. And some bougut papers, and some bought

But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on: Buy a Post, or a Sun, or a Mail, as you choose, For my arm just aches wid the weight av the Express? Not a single one left for to night-But buy one av this little girrul, sir: all right,

She's a reg'lar seller here at the forry.

And I rickomind her high," said Jerry. in the whirl of the throng there paused a man-"The bell is ringibg—I can not wait; Here, girl, a Commercial, as quick as you can! The boat is starting-don't make me late! And on through the hurrying crowd he ran, The wee girl following close behind,

After the penny he could not find; While, with a spring through the closing gate, After her money bounded Jerry, Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry. 'One cent from the man in the big fur coat! Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat." op from the deck a laugh and a cheer. It changed to a shuddering cry of fear As he bent his head for the fearful spring.

over the whirling waters swung. Touched the boat with his hands, and clung, Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried "Where is that mean old man who tried To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry - A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry "

And then, like a wild bird on the wing.

Over the side went a hundred hands, From a hundred mouths rang forth commands; "Pall him in!" "stop the boat!" "Let us buy All his stock!" "Sond him home to get dry;" 'No, indade," said the boy; "that's not what I moant: I don't want yer money I want that one cent From the man in the warr'm for cost an' hat, Who could stateel a cent from a girral loike

Af Iver he tries that game agin, He'd better take me, and not Margery Flynn!" Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry

Rang across the Fulton Ferry. Long ago, my youthful renders. Happened this that I have told, Long ago that sturdy newsboy All his daily papers sold. And the pluck that dared a ducking To set right a weak one's wrong. Served bim well in every struggle; and his life, both kind and strong, Is a blessing and a comfort To a world of needy boys.

Who, like him, must work in play time With boot-brushes for their toys, But around the Fulton verry Still the newsboys talk of Jerry. -St. Nicholas,

A Marked Youth. Years ago, there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth, because he would do with might whatever he undertook. He was a leader in the ordinary sports of boyhood, and whenever the farm or the pottery relaxed their hold upon him, he would be found regaring some damaged article, or de-

His father was poor; the farm was small and could only be enlarged by clearing up the primeval forest. The boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, but his services were so necessary to his father that he could not be spared fo attend the winter term of the

But the boy was in earnest. With the aid

When the boy was reventsen, the father's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive factory. A carpenter was hired to build the new building, and

So familiar did he become with the tools story frame dwelling house for his father's

The two boys cut the timber from the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neighbors to assist at the "raising." They came from far and near to young woman's mother turned him out of svery mortise and tenon was formed to fit its place and the frame was seen to stand per-Cornell University.

"Seest thon a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before obscure men."

The meaning of this old proverb is that the men who has done well in little things shall be advanced so that he shall not waste himself on work to which obscure men are alequate. Ezra Cornell illustrated the truth of the Oriental saying.

Like most of the strong, efficient and good men who have made this country what it is, be was brought up to use his hands, as well as his brains, and was early inured to labor an i accustomed to contrive. At the age of twenty, with three or four trades at his fingers' ends, a few dollars in his pocket a spare sort of clothes in his valise, he walked to Ithaca, forty miles from his father's house.

and soon found suitable employment. He was one of the first men to believe in Professor Morse's telegraph, and made a very large fortune in constructing the first lines and organizing the earlist companies. Professor Morse saw his merits and gave him a splendid chance, which he improved. He was just the man for the work.

The Big Girls.

Amanda B. Harris, in Wide Awake. That meek young teacher-her greatest trial was with the big girls who were as tall as she was and not many years younger. It was their delight to do things which they knew she would not dare try to punish them for. One forenoon one of them rose and sked to go out, she wanted "a drink of water," but as it lacked only a few minutes of recess time, the mistress refused; upon which the second one rose, with the same words, and then the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, one after another, stringing the question right along, "May I go out? I want a drink of water." "May I go out? I want a drink of water?" till nothing else was heard in the schoolroom except the added mut.erfng, "I'm most choked to death."

She shook her head to each, with the same snawer that it would be recess in a few minutes, and kept about her duties, but with a | them. look on her face as if she knew there was thunder in the air.

infed but defiant Zenobia, one girl, bringing a tin pail of water, which she set with an emphasis on her desk; at a measured interval came another, with a tin equal vigor, she set on her desk; so, haught ily and slowly, with impressive pauses in after him. the procession, come they, one by one, seven in all, tin pail in hand; and on the long desk was ranged the row of glittering patls, drawn up as it in battle array; and the girls behind had a good deal of mutiny in their eyes. Finding that the mistress took no notice, except to turn pale, they made a great show

of drinking in concert and then setting the pails down with force; but there must some- | was out of breath, the dog clapped his force | taking the het in his teeth brought it asi ly t me come a limit to drinking water, even if | feet upon his enemy, and getting a quick one be choked almost to dea h. and finally, | breath, dived his head again beneath the And here's the Express and the Evening Post, after as much desperate hard drinking as surface. This stratagem he continued to rethey could endure, feeling that it was to r | peat till the badger was actually drowned. stort to fight where there was nothing to resist the ringleader gave a signal for them to give over, and as it was never at any time | fore-legs were cut off in the field, by a moweven so much as alluded to by the person | ing machine; and to the great grief of all of | ette" they meant to insult, they eventually sub- his friends, it was found necessary to end There was not a little mischief of a mild

"She's wakely for nade av the tay and the | kind going on, and what to the parties concerned was only moderate naughtiness. whenever we happened to have an easy teacher. In the winter a man always kept the school; occasionally a severe one, who announced in the outset that we were all to 'obey roles, and too the mark." or we should see trouble; but the mild ones were comfortably interleaved, as one might say, so that While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry, the terms alternated somewhat like the seasone-if we had a rigorous period it might be

"Ranger."

[Youth's Companion.] Ranger, or Range, as he was oftenest called. was a large dog of Newfoundland and Scotch collie b'ood, owned-if a creature of such noble and well-nigh human intelligence can properly be said to be owned-by two boys. neighbors and schoolmates of the writer, to same boys had another dog that was almost

What solid comfort we boys had with them! The new northwestern region in which we lived afforded an abundant opportunity to indulge to the utmost our passion for huntrng, and to bring out all the hunting qualities of our dogs. Neither of the dogs belonged to the varieties of natural hunters; but Range, at least, combined in himself all the excellencies and none of the faults of nearly every known species of

ability could enable him to perform that he | Tommy and to board the train. At that would not readily do for his young masters; and on the other hand they would (and on one corasion one of them did) peril life and limb for Range.

To persons outside of the family whom he liked, Range was redately amicable, but was never very warm in his expressions of triendanip to any one but his owners. When he had formed an ill opinion of a man, no young, homely and pretty women, elbowed wheedling could induce him to change it. seedy-looking individuals of every description, never allowing them to come near the

house except under leave of some member of the family. His ideas of respectability were much nicer than many which prevati among certain classes of the "higher order of beings." The | come?" and a tear rolled off the end of his smell of tobacco or rum disgusted him ut-terly. He growled and shrank away disap- luttle man," g'addened his heart. provingly whenever a neighbor came to the house with a pipe in his mouth; or if minus the pipe, his clothes were saturated with the | straight to him. odor of the weed.

He would carry an egg from the barn to liver it without breaking, or fetch a two | on board. quart pail half fielled with drinking water or anything not too heavy which the man

had forgotten or needed. Either of the boys when out hunting and tired of carrying game could send Range home with several ducks and prairie chies always inside the door, he invariably came | victory. back to finish the hunt. In this instance he would disobey all orders from any member | they reached the higher ground, the site of When one of them told him to go and come | to retreat. back, he would make the trip at all hazards.

Mr. W--'s family, of which our canine hero was a member, was a large one, yet Range always showed a decided preference was a constant companion to one or both at their work or play.

One day, the brothers were planting corn in the field, using hand-planters, when, without knowing it, one of them lost a small bolt which at length seriously interfered with the working of the machine. He scratched for some time in vain for the boit, when Charlie, the other brother, took from his planter the bolt corresponding to the one lest, and showing it to the dog, bade him go hunt" for the missing one. The intelligent animal snuffed the piece of iron, necks and slim legs," laughed Tommy, as a whined and set off over the field in search of number of white herons or sand hill cranes the missing article.

For a haif hour he ran about with his nose close to the earth, but at length came running to the boys, wagging his tail, with the lost bolt in his mouth.

One or two more anecdotes and I must close this biography of a dog. It has already been stated that one of Range's boyish mayters risked his life in going to his rescue. the midst of an ice if ie, and without think-

He swam out to the "ice jam" and crossing the intervening cases, jumped into a acres. Now we come to the trestle work and deep crevice after the duck. It was easy enough to get into the hole, but to climb up the slippery sides of the ice cakes and carry the game proved a task bethe dog's power.

yond tried again and again. without avail. At last, with a few barks of disappointment, he dropped the dack and made the attempt unencumbered, but only to find himself so exhausted and chilled as to be totally unable to climb up the steep,

slippery surfaces. Meantime the boys got alarmed and called trying, and poor Range whined once or

twice despairingly. 'I can't stand here and see Range drown!" Charley at last cried out; and throwing of his coat, in spite of the protests of his companion, the brave lad plunged into the icy water and swam out to the floe. Then crawl- | ers bave Tommy. With a little scoop and ing over the slippery cakes and accross the | rake the vines are lifted and the fruit carecrevices, he reached down his suspenders | fully gathered, but the standing in mud and and drew out the faithful dog. who was by water is the hard part. No pains have been this time too much benumbed to stand on taken with these swamps, yet they produce his feet. Dragging him to the onter edge, | an abundant crop every year.' Charley again sprang into the icy current and the two had barely strength and life enough left to reach the shore.

Still another incident which I myself witnessed attests to Range's remarkable reasoning powers. Charley and myself were search. ing for the cows one evening, with Range as a companion, but for a wonder without car-

Suddenly the dog pounced on some object in the grass ahead of us, and immediately a fierce struggle began. We ran forward and and sailed away toward Chicago. found Range engaged in a fierce fight with a

These animals were quite numerous in our section of the country at that time, and the fierce, tough-hided brutes, when brought to bay, will fight with the ferocity of a grizzley bear. On account of the exceeding thickness and the loosness of their skins, it is almost impossible for a dog to injure one of

We made hurried search at once for clubs Well, recess came; and recess was over; and the pupils were all back in their places took the whole back row, were vacant, and there was an ominous hush, broken at length by the door being thrown wide open, and in the dragged it, struggling and fighting, to
Well, recess came; and recess was over; Rangs meanwhile had developed a plan of his own by which to dispose of this badger, and bashful with his new friend.

The excursion train was late in starting home, and the great white hills of silver same time acts as a tonic so that the dogs help, but his own by which to dispose of this badger, and bashful with his new friend.

The excursion train was late in starting home, and the great white hills of silver send on the shores of Late Michigan allured to took after forminy. Regretionly they used should be one that no his own by which to dispose of this badger, and bashful with his new friend.

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walked, with the imperious mien of an inwards the bank of a small creek near by. Our curiosity was excited at once by this maneuvre; and we ran after them to watco the outcome oft his strange proceeding. Reaching the bank, which must have been siz feet high, the conning dog tumbled his enemy off into the water, then sprang in

The badger is not a water animal; and much like a process of Coleus and plotted up from his spinitering, this one evidently disseveral mother atomes for his "collection." liked the enforced hath very much. He Then he walked upon the piers, out to the tried to c'ember out, but Range was inexor. | light-bouse, hough it was summer time the able. He seized the struggling animal by the naps of the nees, and forced him under water which was here several feet deep. Holding the badger down until he himself

Range lived to be eight years old and then met with a tragic death. The poor fellow's his pain by putting him to death His sorrowing young masters buried him in a grove of maples near Mr. W--- 's place;

but none of us, his early play-fellows, can ever forget noble old Range. FRANK CALKINS.

Written for the Sunday Sentinel. Tommy's 'Scursion. "All aboard, all aboard!"

The conductor of the cheap excursion train shoved the bewildered passengers into the shabby second class cars, aiready crowded and uncomfortable.

"Keep close to Uncle Maurice, and promise me, Tommy, not to talk to strangers," connseled an auxious young mother with her wide-awake-looking ten-year old son in a chocolate colore I ulster and sailor hat, "Yes, ma'am," answered Tommy Dodd

a lit le frontier town of Western; lawa. The | obediently, as it came his turn to be shoved into the crawded alsle of restless humanity. "Now I shall not have an easy moment until Tommy returns; but then his Uncle Maurice will see that he does not fall into the lake or get buried in the sand,' ' though Mrs. Dodd as the chesp excursion train, with flags flying, pands playing and engines tooting, was off for Lake Michigan and a day at Michigan City, Indiana.

Truth to tell, absent-minded Uncle Man-There was nothing which his strength and | rice had forgotten his promise to look after | very moment he was in his room at the State University deeply interested with a brother college professor in a collection of native

But Tommy didn't know that, and kept looking out for Uncle Maurice. Old and Tommy right and left, and the conductor He was the terror of tramps, Indians and | glared at him as if he thought boys had n business on the excursion.

Thirty five miles of travel and standing up, or trying to, was telling upon Tommy's enduring powers, and Uncle Maurice was yet invisible. "What should he do if Uncle had not

Tommy knew that he had found a friend in the white haired old gentleman, and went

"Well, weil, its lucky that I am going to Chicago by the way of Michigan City, so it the house, scratch at the door-latch and de | doesn't matter one bit if Ucie Maurice isn't

"Here we are at the battle ground. Now, from the house to the field without spilling. | Tommy, there was a battle fought in this en-Indeed, he could be sent to the field a mile | closure in 1811, between the Indians and away, with perfect security, to carry lunch | General Harrison's troops. We see the old beadstones marking the graves, and there were bodies buried in secret places and fires built over the spot the better to conceal them from the saveges. And upon the right is the flat rock where the prophet sat and ens tied together. After delivering them, | sang and urged the warriors on to battle and "In the long grass the savages crept until

of the family but the one who sent him. | the battle, where they fought until obliged "Did you ever see an indian, Tommy?" "I hope that I never shall, but I like to

hear about them." "There isn't time, or we could go into the for the society of the two younger boys, who | grave-yard. See! some of the excursionists claimed him as their peculiar property, and | are left," and Tommy laughed at the scramble to the morning train, of the scared travel-

"Passengers must not leave the train," crossly shouted the conductor. "All these lands once belonged to the In-Indians, and they considered themselves cheated when the white settiers came and cleared away the forests. Much of these lands are now waste, wet, and full of quicksands, and produces only wild swamp grass and pond lilies," "Oh, the funny white birds, with long

stalked along the water edge. "Oh, yes, the white heron is an ungainly bird. Now we have reached the Kankakee

"I don't see the river," and Tommy looked out the car window upon a luxuriant growth of pond tilies in full bloom, and a bed of

black soft mud. "The Kankakee River is a peculiar stream Charley-'or it was he-was hunting ducks | it spreads over a great many acres of what is with one of the neighboring boys, during a | believed to be fertile land if properly drained. spring freshet. After killing several birds | The Government has tried to forward the they that one which fell into the water in | draining of this good land, many scientific men have tried to devise a way to do it, but ing of the danger to him, sent Range in af- | thus far the shallow, sluggish and deceptive and render unfit for any purpose many fishing houses "

Slowly the heavy train crept along over the Kankakee River, giving Tommy an opportunity to see the queer fishing houses built upon blocks, with their occupants, men, women and children sitting in the door fishing.

"These are summer houses, and many scientific men bring their families for a day or two to these buts. Fish of fine size and quality is caught here, split, salted and cared for home use. It must have been a paradise for the Indian in olden times-ish loudly to the struggling dog. It was in vain and game in abundance. Are you tired

Tommy?" But Tommy was fast asleep and did not rouse up until they reached the cranbarry swamps. Under the water many of the berry vines grew.

"It's a to lsome work, the cranberry pick-An hour's time brought them to "San

Pierre" a cleanly city where mud was un-known. The sandy soil did not look produc-tive, yet it belied its appearance. Ten miles more and Tommy was in Michigan City, and soon hurrying with the crowd to the lake shore. Round and big were Tommy's eyes at the first glimpse of the broad, clear sheet of water. The steamers were gliding over its

bosom, excursion boats were rapily filled Tommy and his friend secured a seat near the orchestra stand. Upon one side the State of Michigan lay and Illinois was within four hours' travel. Tommy was bewildered. "Dinner, dinner," called the steward.

down to the very best dinner Tommy eyer ate in his bie.

One hill to gred above the rest; this one Tommy was disappointed in, so hard and firm it seemed until one essayed to secure a footing, thes it was "going backward" or sinking dowe in the sand.

Everybody gethered a handful of sand to carry home, and Tommy did the same; he also placked Jone bright colored weeds, very cold winds 12 ada his teeth chatter, and blew into the water his new straw hat. Tommy began to my, but a short leaged, heavy-bodied water spanish sastly swam out, and to the shore.

Just then the conductor shouted-"all should and horry-" and the scramble for sents began. Tommy's r w friend took care of him and soon he was last seleep, and did no awaken ! once until be brakeman called "Lalay.

It was ver late and Tommy was too sleepy to tell anything, and mamma never knew until next merning that nucle Maurice had failed to keek his appointment "I shou'd have been wild had I known that," said namma Dodd.

"If you could have seen my friends you wonld'nt har's been uneasy, mamma," said Temmy consulingly. "I wish I Would thank them for the care they took of tay stray boy. I do wonder if my brother claurice will ever get down to common send and every day duties."

Sedalia, M L

KNOTTY PROBLEMS.

Our readers are invited to furnish original enigmas, charades, riddles, robuses and other "anotty problems," ad ressing all communications relative to this departs int to H. E. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.

No. 1132 .- Who Am 1?

Mr nemo spagests the dawning. . wild sighing of the breeze, have the our-break scorning. Am a ska lark at my case. I'm an art to ever sketching.
And my tasel is the sky;
The moonlight and the starlight

Are my brightest company. Like the moonlight coldly beaming, Or like a rilliant star, I consider in glory While cic, ds my beauty mar.

I am radian' se morning,

And 'n neatty past adorning

Put the legier lights to shame. RHMINA 9. No. 1133 .- An Inscription, Dear rorder, do not turn from this And say you can not guess it;

You know these people never can, And mayels well confess it. Just take a Jah, a wonster of The deep and look upon It's side, and there you're sure to see,

If you have eyes, my one. It's just as casy, honert friends, The simple 'ruth is, that it is,

Whateversen's, sin't.

Now, take an abclent volume; look it's final rage upon: You'll find - headstone broken down, Flanked by a serting sun.

Then underheath this neat design Just let year grances fall; And you'll perceive the setting sun Is setting on my all. No. 113 J .- A Syllable Acrestic,

[Faitla | Syllables] I re'gned, with undisputed right, A famous sing of old; But force itself of yields to might, And soon my days were told; O'erpowered and driven to the wall, showed the hero's trait

By bravely giving self and all Unto a wrotched fate, [Cross-words.] 1. Please read my initials; you'it find I'm A beaten, unfortunate sovereign's name.

2, I led the Venetians who joined the crusade; 'Mid Sars on warriors I fougat, undismayed. A warrior of old, in the heroic ages, My deeds yet survive in Homer's bright

4. You may find me in history's books, if you A Corsicate, famous for bravery and still. 5. I'm not found in bistory nor history's rela I'm merely to purify, purification.

No. 1135 -A Charade. Upon a cold and stormy night I heard my first till quite enraged: When rushing out with all my might, To do my second I engaged; If to my who e you chance to stray, You'll find 'hey're mountains far away.

GEO. H. DOSHAM. No. 1136 .- An Anagram. Consumptio; 's ravages are seen In features paic and body leap. In haggard looks and panting breath. The harbineers of coming death; And such forerunners, grim and grave, Suggest the 'bought of 'our sad cave.'

No. 1137 .- A Riddle. I am honored, be sure; for learned men place Me their own brilliant intellects over: And a number of faults-or of failings I 701-004-23---I with wonderful charity cover.

NELSONIAN.

No. 1138 .- A Double-Letter Enigma. in "bi, aking waver; in "digksome caves:" In 'every land," And "every strand;" In "Diez halls;" In 'rocky wells." This name is given, and not without reason, To a part of our land quite famed: Abide there "while in any sesson,

You'll agree 'tis rightly named. MELVIA MAY. The March Offering. For the best of answers to the "Knotty Problems' of March will be forwarded Gold smith's "Victr of Wakefield," nicely bound in clow. Each week's solutions should be forwarded within six days after the date of the Sentinel containing the puz-

ADSWETZ. 1118 .- A stove fire. 1119.-Band-box. 1120 .- The atmosphere. 1121 .- Advertisement. 1122.—Tom-hig-bee. 1123.-E M in E nce;

zles answered.

DA yb R eak; AS ph O del; ES ca P ade; D A mp N ess; M C do W ell

A R om A tic;

ME di C ate;

PA la T ial. 1124,-The testh. Habitual constipation is not only one of the most appleasant, but at the same time

one of the most injurious conditions of the human system, and is but a forerunner of and they went into the dining room and sat disease, unless removed. This is usually accomplished by the use of purgatives, which for the time afford relief, but after their im-Mr. Tounley selected a motherly looking old system in a worse state than before. To efwith which to come to the dog's help; but lady to look after Tommy. Regretfully they | fect a cure it is necessary that the remedy separated, and for a time Tommy was shy used should be one that not only by its cathartic effects relieves the bowels but at the same time acts as a tonic so as to restore the Organs to a sound, healthy condition. This Prickly Ash Bitters will do. It removes the

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Skin diseases, tumors, nicers and sores of all kinds, particularly chronic diseases of the skin are cured with great certainty by a course of Da RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean cost nate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

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